

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY

"Times have certainly changed," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he hung up his coat. "It used to be that the Fourth of July was the noisiest day of the year. Now it's just the reverse. I like the old way better. I'll bet that when Joe Jefferson signed the Declaration of Independence he meant for us to 'noise' it." "Joe Jefferson?" came from Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss. "You mean Thomas Jefferson. Joe Jefferson was an actor. He's the man who wrote the play 'Rip Van Winkle Was a Lucky Man'."

"Pshaw!" said Popple. "I'm always getting those brothers mixed up."

"They weren't brothers," said Spooner, the bookkeeper. "Thomas Jefferson died long before Joe was born."

"Of course," said Popple. "Guess I'm thinking of Quincy Adams Sawyer."

"Clear your brain must be going round and round," said the blonde stenographer. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is a play. Mark Twain wrote it as a sequel to "Elderberry Finn."

"Squal!" shouted Bobbie, the office boy. "Where'd you get that stuff? Piss squeal!"

"Well," said Popple, grinning. "Mark Twain's pen was 'squal'."

"Miss Prim frowned and interrupted. 'I wish you wouldn't do that, Mr. Popple,' she said. 'Cheap humor invariably gives me a headache. You evidently meant to speak of John Quincy Adams. And right here I want to say that Mark Twain did write 'Quincy Adams Sawyer.' He wrote a book called 'Tom Sawyer' and another called 'Huckleberry Finn.' Mark Twain used to lie in bed when he wrote. He said sitting up gave him a pain."

"I should think lying in bed would give him a counterpane," sang out Bobbie.

"He wanted to be easy," said the blonde.

"Oh, ho! An easy Mark, eh?" said Bobbie.

"Look here, Bobbie," snapped Miss Prim. "You cut that out. You're the bane of my life."

"He bane mine too," said the blonde, smiling.

"Oh, let's be pleasant," said Spooner.

"I detest cheap jokes," said Miss Prim. "I abhor 'em."

"Mr. Spooner, the boss came in just then. 'I want out in my auto yesterday,' he said pleasantly. 'The most popular surgeon in Port Jefferson insisted upon me to his house. He said I took him up. While we were dining I thought of a joke. Want to hear it?'"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Prim, smiling sweetly.

"I told him I knew why he was so popular in Port Jefferson. He wanted to know why, and I said, 'Because you're the town cut-up. Get it, folks?'"

"Certainly, Mr. Spooner," said Miss Prim. "He was such a jolly man."

"Jolly—piffle!" cried the blonde. "He's a surgeon. See? Surgeon—out-up!" And he went into his private room and banged the door.

Bobbie settled over the office force. Finally Bobbie laughed.

"That guy's the bane of my life," he said.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Miss Prim.

NO WONDER HE WAS ILL. Robert H. Davis, better known as Bob Davis, author of the play, "The Family," and editor of more Munsey magazines than he has fingers and toes, had an actor friend one time who dropped in the office of the General Manager of a plant where prepared foods were made ready for the market. The General Manager was out, and as the actor waited for him he spied a box containing what appeared to be chocolate caramels. They looked tempting and he ate three. By the time the General Manager arrived the actor was ill.

"What's the matter?" asked the General Manager, noticing the expression of pain on the actor's face. "I guess I'm ill," replied the other. "Have you eaten anything that might have disagreed with you?" "Nothing but three of those caramels on your desk."

"Great Scott, man!" said the General Manager. "No wonder you're ill. You've eaten 100 condensed mince pies."

HAS THE RIGHT IDEA. The policeman who handles the crowd of actors always to be found in front of the Palace Theatre Building, has the right idea. When he wishes to clear a path through he pushes the loiterers back, smiling and saying, "Up stage, please!"

THEY'LL BE BUSY. Selwyn & Co. will be busy producers soon. They announce they will install "Rolling Stones" in the Harris Aug. 16, and "Under Fire" in the Hudson early in September. Other productions they will make are "Back Home," by Irvin Cobb and Bayard Veiller; "The Mystic Shrine," by Avery Hopwood, and a new play called "The Devil's Garden," by Edith Ellis—this one through an arrangement with Arthur Hopkins. For the rest they will have "The Show Shop," Margaret Illingworth in "The Lie," five "Twin Beds" and two "Under Cover" companies. Last, but not least, Irvin Cobb will again go on tour under the Selwyn management and tell the ins and outs of the war.

GOSSIP. The Board of Governors of the Friars will meet to-morrow and finally decide upon the plans for the new club house.

William Walther, basso, writes in to ask if we'd advise him to get married or leave the city. We certainly would.

The Winter Garden company had a fine time yesterday at Coney Island. Modesty kept most of the chorus girls from going in bathing.

"Romeo and Juliet" is to be done in films by dwarfs. Will Archie will play Romeo and Violet Howard Juliet. The Headline Amusement Company is behind the plan.

AS TO "PAINTING MOTHER." The L. Wolfe Gilbert song about "Painting Mother," printed here last Friday, has brought in a supply of varied comments from readers of this department. Al. Phillips, a play-

broker, calls it a gem. H. R. J. of Poughkeepsie says Gilbert is on the right track, but needs a collaborator who is "a good dresser on and off." Yvonne Wheeler, a chorus girl, sends in a parody, as follows:

Painting my mother's a bother—
I have to do it each night.
She likes to take a bath—
I have to wait till she's right.
Dance-mad is she—no denying;
I'd like to see her to-night.
Making up Mother's no trying—
Painting that mother of mine.

POLLOCK "DOLLED UP." Channing Pollock, playwright, lives at Shoreham. A few days ago the town constable came to him very much excited.

"A forest fire's threatening the town," said the constable. "Will you help us fight it?"

"Sure!" replied Mr. Pollock. He went to his room, shaved and donned a clean shirt. Then he hurried forth to do battle with the fire fiend.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. Woman (to maid applying for work)—Have you had any experience with children?

Applicant—Yes indeed! I used to be a child myself.

THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW ILLUSTRATED MOVIE STORIES, FEATURING REAL MOVIE STARS

Gertrude McCoy

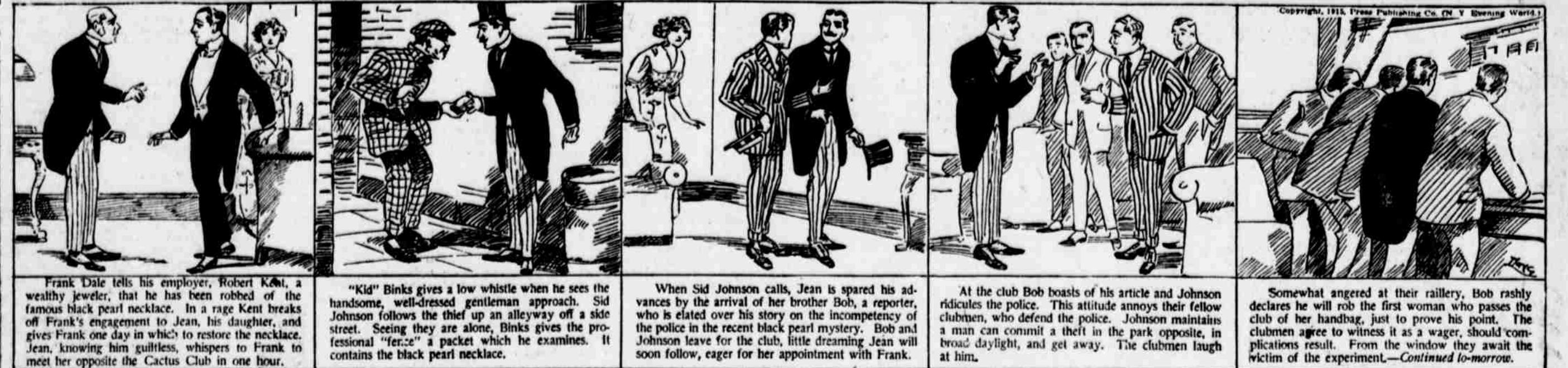
EDISON STAR, Featured This Week in
"THE BLACK PEARLS"

PART ONE
The Stolen Necklace

Next Week
EDITH STOREY
Vittograph Favorite, in
"DAN McGUIRE'S DAUGHTER"

Jean Kent (GERTRUDE MCCOY) Plans to Clear Her Lover's Name

Scenario by GERTRUDE MCCOY—Illustrated by FERD G. LONG



"S'MATTER, POP?"

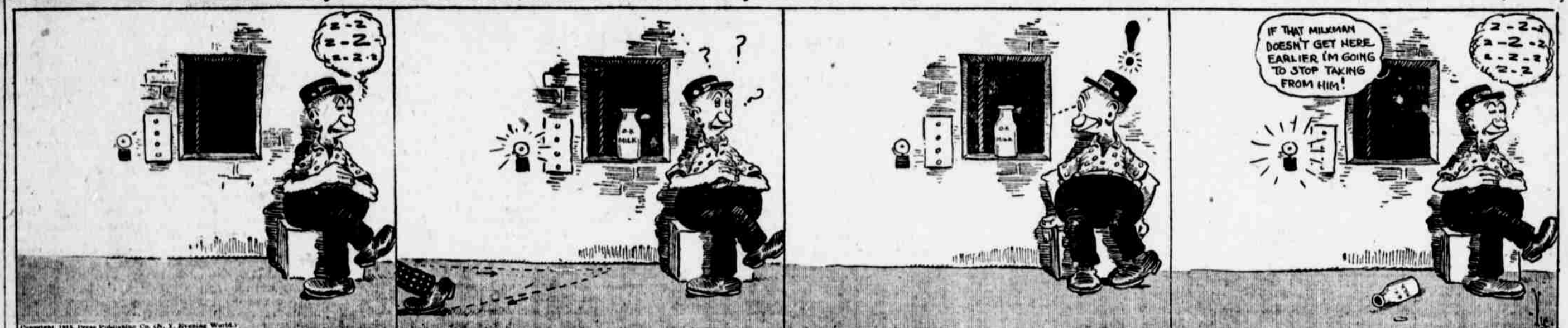
By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Hooray! Axel Starts His Janitor Job Off as if He'd Always Been One!

YEA, BO! AXEL IS GONNA BE A LIFE GUARD NEXT WEEK

By Vic



BETTY'S BROTHER BOBBIE—However, Very Little Was Out of the Reach of This Bird's IMAGINATION!

By Thornton Fisher



Good Stories Of the Day

Ambiguous.

UNCLE SOL threw aside the letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Doggone!" he cried, "why can't people be more explicit?" "What's the matter, pa?" asked Aunt Sue. "This letter from home," Uncle Sol answered, "says father fell out of the old apple tree and broke a limb."—Youngstown Telegram.

Solving a Problem.

THE arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying and now, at the closing hour, Tommy stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results. "Your last problem was wrong,"

was the verdict. "You will have to stay after school and do it again." Tommy looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked. "Your answer is 2 cents short." Tommy's hand dived into the pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of shoe strings, a penknife and some marbles and pieces of chalk. "There, pa, hurry, please," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll pay the difference."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Everybody Happy.

A VICAR of a certain English parish was sitting in his study one morning when he burst the verger in a great state of excitement. "Mr. —," mentioning the curate's name, "wants you at once, sir," he exclaimed. "He has married two couples and married the men to the wrong women, and he does not know what to do."

A Matter of Opinion.

"MARRY!" Father's voice rolled down the stairs and into the dim and silent parlor. "Yes, papa, dear?" "Ask that young man if he has the time." "A moment of silence." "Yes, George has his watch with him." "Then ask him what is the time." "He says it is 11:45, papa."

"Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bed time." Another moment of silence. "He says, papa," the silvery voice announced, impersonally—"he says that he rarely goes to bed before 1, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place, he would go now if he felt sleepy!"—Harper's Bazar.

Punishing Children.

RABBI Julius Silberfeld of the B'nai Abraham Temple, in High Street, in addressing his congregation on the punishment of children, said: "Many fathers punish their children too severely for a misdeed, and when this happens the child goes right back and does the same thing over again. I once knew a father that tried this plan on his son. One day the father whitewashed a pole in his yard and said to his son, 'Whenever you commit a deed that you know is wrong you are to drive a nail into the pole.' Some time after the boy came running to his father and explained that he had filled the pole and couldn't get another nail in edgewise. Father and son went to the pole together, and then the father asked the son what he was going to do. "Seeing his son had nothing to say, he suggested that the boy pull out a nail whenever he did anything wrong, whereupon the son replied, 'Why not plant another pole, father?'—Newark Star.